



Whether Common or Not

By Will M. Maupin.

The Greenback Bacilli.

Of bacilli in the greenbacks all the doctors raise a fuss,
Telling of the many dangers that are now confronting us;
And they warn us, grave and solemn, in their academic terms,
Not to handle filthy greenbacks with their myriads of germs.
Typhoid fever, chills and bunions, lockjaw, leprosy and grip,
Through the fibres of the greenbacks everlastingly do skip;
But they cannot scare your truly, from all danger I am free,
For the gay greenback bacilli—well, they

can't
catch
me.

Smallpox caught me in its clutches more than two decades ago;
Mumps and whoopingcough and measles each has given me a blow.
I've been caught and jammed promiscuous in an awful railroad wreck;
In the festive game of football boys have walked upon my neck;
With diphtheria I've wrestled, by dyspepsia been wracked,
And a mule in old Missouri with one kick a few ribs cracked.
But I'm immune from this danger that the doctors bid me flee,
For the gay greenback bacilli—well, they

can't
catch
me.

If on proving their contention these bacilli sharps are bent
I am willing that upon me they shall make experiment;
And I will agree to handle all the greenbacks in the land,
And I'll fondle 'em and spend 'em in a way to beat the band.
Torn and greasy, worn and dirty—large denominations, please—
And I'll run the risk of giving each bacillus a tight squeeze.
I'm a doubter, came from Doubtville, and I'd really like to see
Any old greenback bacilli that can

catch
me.

Stygian Humor.

"Ah, there," remarked Shakespeare, slapping Homer on the back. "I see that you are not founding any libraries now."

"Perhaps not," retorted Homer, jotting down the name of another newly discovered birthplace, "I'm too busy laying in my winter's supply of meat."

"Your winter's supply of meat?"
"Yep, come over and I'll give you a piece of Bacon," chortled Homer.

And when Shakespeare complained to Boccacio he received a second dose of the Stygian ha-ha.

No Sale.

The agent walked into the editorial sancton and without loss of time began:

"My dear sir, I have here the greatest invention of the age. It is the most wonderful time saver ever devised by a busy man for busy men, and it is recommended by poets, orators, statesmen, bookkeepers, merchants, lawyers and physicians. It is warranted to save three minutes out of every working hour, which is thirty minutes for each working day of ten hours, fourteen hours a month, one hundred sixty-eight hours a year,

or sixteen and eight-tenths days—a period of time in which any man who uses it might hit upon a scheme that would make him a fortune. This great time-saver is the Clogup Fountain Pen, and the price is—

"Wouldn't have it," growled the editor as he proceeded with the writing of the next day's leader. "Wouldn't have it. The only vacations I've had in thirty years is when I quit writing with this old stub pen long enough to stick it in the ink bottle and get it back to the paper again."

Senator Graball.

"Of course you never allow your vote to be influenced," we remarked to Senator Graball.

"Sir," replied the senator, "I never vote without due consideration."

Not being a casuist we were compelled to believe that the senator was all right. This, however, may disclose undue neglect of our early education.

Detected.

Hasbin Innitt—"I'm in doubt whether Touter is a millionaire or on his uppers."

Wazknott Everin—"What's the matter with him?"

Hasbin Innitt—"I detected the odor of gasoline as he passed me just now and I don't know whether it's automobile or cleaning his clothes."

Fled From Danger.

"I wasn't always dis way, mum," said Hitte D'Rhodes.

"Then you have seen better days, have you?" asked Mrs. Nuwedde.

"I has indeed, mum. A few years ago I had stacks o' greenbacks, but bacilly wuz diskivered in 'em an' de health officers quarantined de whole lot."

March.

The days are longer growing,
The sun is getting high;
The winds are softer blowing,
There's more blue in the sky.
The happy time is coming
Which poets long have sung;
The bees will soon be humming,
For spring's been sprung.

Easily Cured.

Biggs—"Heard about Ezythingee's sudden recovery?"

Wiggs—"No. What cured him?"

Biggs—"After suffering all the symptoms he read about he suddenly discovered that he had been reading a 1901 almanac."

Remained Thalre.

There was a young man in Eau Claire,
Who put some quince juice on his hair.

The excuse that he made
Was that it then lade
Just as he had plastered it thalre.

An Economical State.

There was a young man in O.
Who drank neither root beer nor R.
On economy bent
He spent not a cent,
But carefully laid money B.

Mistaken.

The salesman for the improved telegraph sounder walked into the office of the president of the Cinchemall Oil Trust.

"Sir, noting the numerous telegraph wires entering your office building I

thought I would call and give you an opportunity to see our new and improved telegraph key and sounder. Attached to telegraph wires these keys enable the operator to double his speed and—"

"Young man," said the president of the Cinchemall Oil Trust, "what are you talking about?"

"I'm talking about attaching my new telegraph key and sounder to your wires and I guarantee—"

"What wires?"

"Why, those telegraph wires entering your building."

"Young man, those are not telegraph wires. We use them only to pull. See? In this way we avoid publicity and accomplish better results. Good day."

What He Made.

"I made a cool quarter of a million out of that Venezuelan deal," remarked the German eagle. "What did you make out of it?"

"Well, all I made out of it," replied the British lion, "was a bloom-in' long-eared, hornless unicorn of myself."

Brain Leaks.

A lot of men spend so much time lazily gazing out of the back window that they wouldn't hear it if Opportunity knocked at the front door.

If a man would make as much garden in April and May as he does in his mind during February and March, the vegetable market would go to pieces.

When a country woman moves to the city she cannot understand why her nearest neighbor does not hasten to come over the back way with a dust-cloth over her head.

The Foolkiller and the Taxpayer.

Bolton Hall, the single-tax apostle, has just given to the public, in a little book called "The Game of Life," a sheaf of fables that satirize modern customs and laws, and at the same time are intended to show how much better off we all would be under the reforms which Mr. Hall advocates. Among other things that rouse his indignation and irony is the spectacle of unemployed workmen and idle land existing concurrently, with no effort by society to bring the two together. Mr. Hall satirizes this state of affairs thus:

"What's that?" asked the Foolkiller.

"That's an unemployed man in a vacant lot," said I.

"Why don't you have him work on the lot and produce something?" asked the Foolkiller.

"Because," I said, "we suffer from over-production already; and, besides, the owner of the lot won't let him work on it."

"I must get my club," said the Foolkiller.

"Hold on!" I said. "Pretty soon we will arrest the man, because he does not do anything; then the judge will fine him, because he has no money; and we will keep him idle in jail because he was idle out of jail; and the workers will tax themselves to pay for all that."

The Foolkiller gasped, "I must get a Gatling gun."

"Don't go off half-cocked," I said. "Those are our laws."

"Who made those fool laws?"

"Everybody, civilized men," said I.

"The men that pay the taxes?" asked the Foolkiller.

"Why, yes."

"I must swear in some deputies," said the Foolkiller.

"Stop," I said; "no one speaks like that about the laws; they are the accumulated wisdom of the ages, and must be treated with respect."

"Why don't some one tell the truth, and say the laws are stupid and wicked?" asked the Foolkiller.

"We kill such fools as speak the

truth about such things," said I.

"Come," said the Foolkiller, "I will go and poison the water supply."

On the way the Foolkiller asked again:

"What are those places?"

"That is a tobacconist's," I said, "and the other is a gin-mill. You see we poison our own drinking supply—oh, the next is a drug store, and beyond is a hospital—"

"I will go home," said the Foolkiller. "These fools are doing my work."—Literary Digest.

By What Right?

Republican imperialistic, war-yearning, blood-thirsting and territorial grabbing newspapers yesterday displayed pictures of Abraham Lincoln and extolled the virtues of that great and good statesman. But by what right? They do not now stand for what Lincoln stood for. They proclaim principles which Lincoln utterly despised and which he most scathingly and eloquently denounced, not once, but many times. He believed in freedom; his republican extolers now believe in slavery, in harems, in subjecting unwilling people to political servitude. He said that no man was good enough to govern another man without that man's consent. He said that under a just God a government which sought to govern people without their consent would perish from the earth. It was his unflinching devotion to this principle that won him the love and affection of justice-loving people everywhere. His party then sustained him in this principle. That was only a few years ago. Now there is a change. The republican party has drifted far away from the ideals of the martyred president. It believes that it is good enough to govern other people without their consent, and it is engaged in imperialistic schemes that threaten the very foundation of the republic which Lincoln so much loved. Yet the republican press and the republican orators have the amazing gall to profess reverence for the man whose life record they blaspheme. If Lincoln could today rise from the tomb and behold the fawning hypocrites in their show of devotion he would spurn their hollow pretenses and say, "Go, you traitors to justice! You insult me and my good name."—Johnstown (Pa.) Democrat.

Can He?

President Roosevelt has headed off effective anti-trust legislation for the present, but will he be able to stem the anti-trust wave which is sweeping over the country? Can he undo the work that he has done? Can he blot out from the memory of the people the "incendiary" utterances he has made? Can he continue to pose as a "trust-buster" before the public and use the influence of his office to prevent the enactment of "radical" anti-trust measures? Can he ride two horses going in opposite directions? There's the rub.—Milwaukee Daily News.

Stop!

If you have reached a state of headache, backache, dizziness, inability to sleep, loss of appetite and feel generally run down, it is time to call a halt. Your nerves are affected and must be fed, nourished and strengthened.

Dr. Miles' Nervine

has helped thousands of men and women to regain lost health. It will bring back your strength. Sold on guarantee. Write today for free book on the nerves, mentioning The Commoner. Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.